THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
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Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1317.

Original Poem.

THE ASPEN TREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOHN SAUL.

"The Scottish Highlanders imagine that one famous tree in the north of Scotland, called the Aspen Tree, and that therein its leaves can never rest."—*Drummond's Botany.*

Three lives on every tree and flower,
To touch mankind, a mystic power,
If heeded carefully:
In sense or sound, in smell or smile,
While some from Superstition's spoils,
Derive their potency.

Oh! far from me the heedless pride,
That would the simple faith deride
Which lends it worship!
The tale, instinctively sublime,
Which, nurtured in the olden time,
Tufted the Aspen Tree.

When Scotia's sons with stubborn pride,
Their Chief unwarranted denied,
Old shield blasphemy,—
My word, O'R, inscrutable law!
They took to make the accursed cross,
The withered tree condemned.

"And ever since, while other trees
But wave their foliage in the breeze
Responsive to the sky,
In guilty horror of that deed,
My leaves have never rested, and must rest
Tremble ceaselessly."

Oh, God! that in my inmost heart,
There were no sin to make it start
This legend might abide!
So here would sear, chastised by fear,
From sin, for which the source was near
Anew is avended.

But should my spirit ever leave
Of guilt the unstrivable woe,
That ended never;
Its freedom be to wander lonely,
Unhurt by the dire agent,
That marked the hero Aspen Tree
Restless forever!

Original Tales.

MY COUSIN'S RESOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"It is the show and zeal of nations's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth."
Ah!—Well that Ends Well.

"Ha! Harry, you are not in earnest?"

"Indeed I am. Either I can attain the means to live in a certain style, I shall never marry. Depend upon it, Frank, these fine theories will not work in practice. I have seen too much of ill-assorted created in families by pecuniary difficulties. I would not put human love as it were to the test of gold."

"Pshaw! you exaggerate the evil, faithless one that you are. What is there that a true woman cannot sacrifice through the power of love? She would rejoice to share your trials. Every new incident and unaccustomed hardship would rather be welcomed than shrunk from. It would be welcomed as a test of assuring the love she bore her lover, you. The feeling with which her heart is full finds a positive relief in every exercise of self-denial, and every effort made for your sake. Your sneers in bearing—sense in turning to good—all that you dread as evil—will glisten in the trial and be triumphs. Harry, I do not say that you are not the poor, high hearted of woman by such distrust. Believe me, it needs only the trial to be proven of her gold."

I was the warmer and the more earnest that my own blessed experience had stamped every word as an undeniable truth. My cousin, however, merely smiled with an air of superior wisdom.

"Poetry, my dear fellow—all poetry. Keep it on your day-dreams, for your smooth flowing verse, but when it comes to action, act the part of a wise man, and choose for yourself the substantial goods of life, before you attempt any realization of these sweet, airy visions."

But suppose you never attain the object of your wishes? The pursuit of wealth is a very uncertain one, and in the meantime it is quite certain that your youth is fled, the fresh glow of feeling will fade, your whole nature, devoted as you purpose it shall be to the one object, will not be long in assuming the hard, anxious, brazen cast that the world stamps on its votaries. It grieves me, Harry, that you should be so fettered and illiberal in your views. It may be the mere of ordinary abilities to seek wealth as a means of distinction, but with your brilliant talents, it is a waste of both of heart and mind—I would not flatter, I would more, remind you what it is that so highest and wear—heart of existence are your means—only to be enjoyed in proper manner it would really be a shame to sink into the common herd of money grubbers. But I have heard you speak of a future, and continued, coaxing, to mingle in society and keep your heart uncorrupted for a stated period. Do you really believe that when your bright, practical star smiles upon you, some sweet voice grows sweeter and softer at your presence, that you will be true enough to it?

"No—frankly, I will not say that I could, but I would! for, such sentiments as these, I never can become dangerous. I would clean the company of one who was growing too attractive—her coming necessary to my happiness."

"Oh, false to your warm heart—your ardent, impassioned nature! Harry, you are not worthy of yourself; sentence, this treasure to the pure sweet instincts of youth! That you may in the center of those tinsely things you delightful sheet to the world, vide through the streets in a handsome equipage, be spoken of respectfully by all the moneyed folk, and finally, when your body with luxury that debases the soul. No, my dear cousin, you are not capable of this, it is unworthy of your noble nature. That true, your heart will one day prove true to itself. One day will the worldliness in which you seek to shroud it, unfold and forever bruise the witchery of some fair face like clouds before the sun, and you will feel yourself another creature, hurling under the self-light rays of that all-conquering love whose power you deny."

He shook his head, and with a provoking air of mirth upon what he called the high-wrought sentiments of our unaccustomed with the world, we parted.

My Cousin Henry was one in whom I had always felt a strong interest, though his ways of thinking and his line of life were utterly at variance to my own. I never could believe that sentiments unworthy or his really high mind were to eventually influence him, and I would not see him in the struggle of large devices with slender means, to be led them by his talents from a low rank in society. Harry was one of the gentlemen had gathered his soul, and I still kept the faith that some strong influence would one day arouse him to a higher rank in the estimation of all acquaintance. Many an argument like that related had occurred between us, but I could and when my occasion offered, withheld my testimony to the accommodating power of feelings that he praise himself upon having under perfect control. This boast, though often repeated, never gained any belief from me. I read his nature too truly for that. I knew him to be at heart one of those ardent, impetuous beings who need but the one magic touch to start up in all their native brightness, breaking asunder, as Sampson his fetters, the false manners with which worldly prudence had bound them. Therefore I waited without doubt for him better nature to come forth—for his heart to recognize that power to which the wisest have yielded, and the strongest bowed, and in so doing, proved that the pure impulses of an unperverted heart were yet mighty within them. He mingled much in society, and was courted and admired to an unusual degree, for his naturally fine mind appeared to its full advantage through a manner easy and well collected to a charm. His face, when at rest, had a serious, intellectual beauty, but the smile that occasionally broke over it like a sudden gleam of red, bright light, was therefore peculiarly fascinating. Few could resist him in conversation. It really seemed as if all the treasures of knowledge were at his command; no one ever did they come at his call—so familiar did he seem with all imaginable subjects.

Shortly after the conversation I have related, we were together at an evening party, where he met for the first time, my friend Madeline Grahame. She was not handsome, but a stranger at the first glance might have thought her singularly plain; but there is one feature that to me can redeem the plainest face, for there we look at once as through from its mysterious depths, that it commands at once our fullest, fastest admiration, though I may shine forth from a face of beauty, it is intelligence. Here were such as we seldom, perhaps never see in a saloon assembly. They were large and of the darkest hazel, and shadowed by lashes of raven blackness, and so beaming with intelligence and sensibility that he must indeed have been an insensible mortal who could catch their glance a second time without wishing to approach more nearly the heart that looked from their depths.

My cousin was centred as usual amid a group of gay young girls whom he entertained with those especially nothings, those graceful flatteries, that pass current in fashionable society as the staple of conversation between the sexes, and which he chose to consider the most appropriate style of discourse to women. And truly if he sought only the light and trifling among whom he was not far from right. It was a necessary part of the prudential policy which he had marked out for himself. He kept aloof from all society that might too strongly enchain his sympathies, and therefore all the powers of pleasing which he possessed in a degree, were directed to the end to the amusement of those who could be satisfied with the mere froth of his mind. It always made me contemptuous to see him thus exercising his frivolous trifling and ministering to the vanity of the weakest minds; and weary of listening to what was so unprofitable, I looked around for Madeline whose ever fresh and spirited words I loved to hear. She was not long given a moment's attention to the rattling folly of my cousin, and just as I sought her face, I saw that his eye rested on her countenance. The next moment he was in opinion of him such as no man likes to excite in the breast of a woman he respects. An expression of scorn and contempt very slight indeed I could see that he was piqued at this, and suddenly shadowed by a degree that nothing but his long practised self-restraint prevented his breaking off at once from that light acting strain which he had adopted. Struck at it, he was soon deep in earnest talk with Madeline, but it was not long before he came up and joined in conversation with us. He was very brilliant and attentive

United States SATURDAY POST.

A ROOT AND PUMPKIN PUBLICATION.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

TERMS.

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10 "	$20.00 " "
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FOR THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "*Gems' Patented Family Magazine*" will be sent one year to any address.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of "*Gems' Patented Family Magazine*." Or we supply the Saturday Evening Post," and one copy of "*Gems' Magazine*."

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For FIFTY DOLLARS, we send a copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and moral evening companion throughout the year, now we trust they will do their parts, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a Christian precept, and one worthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire, surely the publisher, who labors as much for as little, is the man.

We trust this appeal to the conscience and pockets of our subscribers, will not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she "owes the printer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the poems from our friend T. H., and though we have scarcely had time to examine the manuscripts made in two of them, we think we may venture him that they all shall appear in due season.

A MONUMENT NOBLY AT THE MARK! The poem will not do—the writer must study the matter a little more closely, and have good poetry or put nothing to it.

TO ALTA. Hardly good enough to be of general interest.

LAMENT FOR THE FALLING LEAVES. We think it is probable that if the author of this poem had not chosen so difficult a string of rhymes, he might have succeeded better. As it is, however, we are compelled to decline its use.

MONETTE, ON THE LAST OF HIS RACE. The little tale has some merit, but we think hardly enough to warrant publication.

WINTER IN CUBINA. We will, if we do not forget it, reserve this article for next winter, though we do not think its price in question is very remarkable.

THE RETAIL QUEEN is accepted.

ALMS TEMPTATION. This story has its good points, for the plot is too simple and obvious to elect attention. A tale should have something more than a good moral, or it will be the way of telling it. After all, a well-told good story is an very matter, and requires consideration of thought even in those who have a considerable aptitude of expression. It often gives us pain to think how common words we are compelled to write, though we do not think the public in question is very remarkable.

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We find that Santa Anna had at length quelled his interest—he Hamilton—where he had been to the Mexican Congress, and had returned to the city of Mexico, when he could best exhibit himself to the inhabitants of the capital, and appear in their midst in the character of a conqueror, and at the same time, to exhibit himself to the people of the country, as an extreme by their alternate fluctuations, and by the vacillation which they have hopes and fears. On the 14th ultimo, he reached Jalapa, and on the 15th left that city for the city of Mexico. Here he received a complimentary reception, and a manifestation of sympathy from the people of the capital, but the whole country, with a view to meet the danger which threatens Mexico with the whole weight of her resources.

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MAN AND WOMAN.

We have heard much said in our time upon the relative position of the two sexes, have listened to discussions in debating societies upon the interesting theme, and have read a few pamphlets, not to say volumes upon the subject, and therefore ought to be have a pretty good knowledge of all that has been said, and all that is possible to say upon the question, and the best kind of a right to settle it be equal all further controversy upon the subject.

And in the first place we would say, that the question as to superiority between the sexes, can never be decided either way—for the simple reason that each is inferior and each superior, in some condition to the other. As it is said of two orders of heavenly beings, "The Cherubim know most, the Seraphim love most," so would we say that the most knows more, the woman, love more. And if were we rash to say that either man or woman was the superior being, as to place Cherub above Seraph or Seraph above Cherub.

The truth is, that in the beautiful order of nature, the man and woman together make the perfect man. Thus were they created, and thus they exist. "So God created Man in his own image, in the image of God created he him male and female created he them. Everything in this earth is disjointed and imperfect—even the planets can only attain their grand circular motions, not from one steady impulse, but from the union of two diametral forces. It is so with everything in this world. Nothing is perfect, whole and circular, all is part of the fact, halved and unformed. And because this is so it is that the most perfect happiness results from the union of two congenial minds. And they are congenial, not so much because they resemble one another, as because they are unlike, and so fall into one another as it were, and tend to make up the perfect soul.

But there are some women that will not be satisfied with anything less than an entire equality, or, rather, similarity, with men. These however are very few, and they have generally blighted life such demands from a consciousness of violated rights, not seeing exactly what those rights were. We do not believe that women could ever equal men in certain departments of literature, neither do we believe that men will ever equal women in others. Each have their appropriate walk, and a desirable woman is as much out of the beautiful order of nature as an effeminate man. What is natural is not lovely and beautiful to the soul, but what is unnatural is repulsive. We cannot go behind nature and say any thing as to, we can only feel and acknowledge that it is. Each sex has its peculiar attributes and duties in the world, and the talents of more than one sex were superfluous. Each has plenty of work adapted to its mode of thought, its particular feelings, powers and strength exactly. Let the only wish, therefore, between the two, be as to which shall perform its part most faithfully in the great drama of life.

THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The Annual Exhibition of American mechanism is now open. We have only half time, as yet, to take a run through it, but we saw enough to feel on there again for a more deliberate examination upon the first opportunity. We do not know how an afternoon could be more pleasantly spent, than inspecting the various productions of American art and industry there exhibited. Our friends who live in the counties adjacent to Philadelphia, could be well repaid for a visit. It makes us proud of our country to find that in the mechanic arts that are inferior as workers in wood and iron and brass and stone, are, and in silver and gold and glass, too, to no nation under the sun. It convinces us that we could get along very well, even if a wall, as high as the heavens, were built up between us and every other nation.

POTATOES.

We see it stated that potatoes have been sold at Bedford, N. Y., recently, for twenty cents and at Bangor, Maine, for fifty cents a bushel. Some wiser of a difference in price that—if there be no mistake about it.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

We are starting to receive the most flattering notices of the Saturday Post, from the press of the country, and especially from the press of this city. We have not room to publish them all, but we will give a few, merely remarking from a number received from Boston, that they have been, and still are, highly complimentary to the Post, and that the more we have published the more we have received. We are encouraged to bring this subject at the present time conspicuously before the attention of all reading men, and invest it with the most serious and startling importance. It is therefore gratifying to find not only that the press generally are testifying to the importance of this subject, but that they usually universally take side with the friends of morality and virtue. In addition to the extracts given last week, and used, before that we add the following.

The Guest, a magazine published at Cincinnati, and well and favorably known through the West generally, we believe, publishes our appeal to the Harpers, in full, with the following comments:

"We are rejoiced to see that a portion of our press has at length become aroused to the enormity of opening the floodgates of foreign and home literature upon us. Enough of the vicious, enough of the depraved pictures of love and revelling that have we among us, without the introduction of exotic impurities and loathsome portraits from abroad, and it is but right and proper that these publishers who do so—in the disguise of the cloak of morality, which they themselves have assisted materially in perverting, should be made to answer to the tribunal of their own conscience, and to that of the Bible and wickedness of this thing.

"From the Philadelphia Saturday Post, a paper, we are pleased to say, in which a paragraph appears in defence of morality and we commend our readers to enjoy the following appeal, which should be carefully heeded for its knowledge; if not to act upon upon this subject."

The Meretricious Visitor says:

"The Philadelphia Saturday Post has for some time demanding in its columns the publication of foreign licentious books. The Post's position is the in the pernicious tendency of the Quaker City to a high degree deserving.

"Is there any person so depraved, so utterly wanting in the sense that a taste in this direction should be cultivated? We are glad to see a paper with influence enough to speak in terms of rebuke to those wicked and corrupt money-makers. The Post deserves our highest praise for its course, and if it perseveres it will gain the favor of every lover of virtue and morality, that may chance to see its columns.

The York Republican also devotes a long article to the subject, in the course of which it says:

"The editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* is preaching a crusade against immoral publications which say the Sunday Mercury, the Flash of Lightning, and incite to lust and crime at every turn. We hope that the Society must will full success in its undertaking. Throwing out of view the independent of Paul the Post's hero is Eugene Sue—who works it is seen the fashion with many to quote as well, but which are loaded with scenes of vice sufficient to corrupt any heart not already rotten to the core. His *Mysteries of Paris* we hailed through, and the effect it has written of an insidious cause of the manufacturer with his production. It was loathsome in some of its descriptions, and we were surprised to be deemed by all lovers of purity and virtue. Then came the *Wandering Jew*, which, because it contained an attack upon the Jesuits, received much favor from many strict-sect religious people, yet we can not believe—for we never understood the job of perusing it—that any man would which it might be supposed to have in that respect could outweigh the insidious poison of it by other portions of the same put, it must have had to excite unhallowed passions and corrupt the heart. The same have being *Gold-dust called Martin, or the Foundling*, is on rule that Eugene Sue's *Mysteries* which condemned, and gives it to its readers, was compelled to cease out of regard for the general well-being.

"We such a *book is not forth by the largest publishers* of New York—by Harper's even—it would be of a Christian Church—to *pollute the atmosphere* of *virtue* and *purity* with *such a thing unutterable*, yet some of the *multitude*—to taste the *relish of the pe* such books to the most grievous *violations of the de* ent Cincinnati.

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LIEUT. COL. DUNCAN.

The New Orleans Tropic is responsible for the following:

Lieut. Col. Duncan, of the battalion of Artillery, Fifth Regiment, is a native of Toledo, and has claimed himself to his bravery at the battle of Monterey.

Col. Duncan is a graduate of West Point, and distinct in his class—another negligent in matters at the military academy. He was a favorite officer of the artillery in Taylor's division during the campaign of Angostia, at which many of the officers of both armies were present and Lieut Col. Duncan was the invitation of Gen. Taylor. He was chosen, won a shocking bad pianette bar, and seemed to have much master of the art of playing, tonight then he had of an officer of high rank among the Mexicans, and was the only officer who received from his usual air of abandon, the Mexican officers seemed to be perfectly astonished at his skill as a musical machine. They would look at Duncan and then at each other, and shrug their shoulders and exclaim, "Mucho bueno!" "Mucho bueno!" At length, Don Jose Maria Negrete, a boy little Mark Meddle or a officer, one of Santa Anna's staff, approached Duncan, and, bowing politely to him, said, in Spanish, "Sir, I am desired by Gen. Santa Anna to say to you, that he would be very glad to see Gen. Taylor's staff, and pointing to Lieut. Col. Duncan, begged to understand if he was not Capt. Waller? "No." "Nor Hays?" "No." Nor Mackall?" "No." "Nor Lieut. Col. Belton?" "No." The little boy, at last, gave up in despair, and returned to his General, saying that Lieut. Col. Duncan was not a Texan 'one bare, bonehead' officer, and refused to be introduced to anybody, so to whom he is an under-time communication of Gen. Taylor's staff.

To account for the trepidation which the presence of Lieut. Col. Duncan seemed to excite in the enemy is state that ten, Augusta has received from Washington, D. C., a letter, in which he is offered an opportunity which may present itself, the Texas and, to a man, declared that if Lieut. Col. Duncan was present on the usages of war. Duncan was taken for one of the library."

A WORD IN SEASON.

Knowledge is power, and should be used by as many to acquaint themselves with the details of great crimes, as brought out upon the trials of those accused of them, so have a great variety of facts and incidents published, for their warning to others, and to be entitled by parties, to their warning to others, and to be entitled by parties, to their warning to others, and to be entitled by parties, to

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Reever.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding two dollars in amount) is deposited must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September*, 15, 1845.
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 18, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Elections.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The returns of the elections in Philadelphia City and County, published last week, although not strictly accurate in the majorities given, are so nearly correct in the main, that we think it useless to recapitulate. Through the State, the Whigs have carried all before them, sweeping nearly the entire board, almost as much to the astonishment of one party as of the other. Power, the Whig candidate for Canal Commissioner is doubtless elected, while out of the twenty-four Congressmen, the Whigs have seventeen, being a gain of seven. The following is a list of those elected.

I. Lewis C. Levin, Native, re-elected.
II. Joseph R. Ingersoll, Whig, re-elected.
III. Charles Brown, Dem., over Native.
IV. Charles J. Ingersoll, Democrat, re-elected.
V. John Freedley, Whig gain.
VI. J. W. Hornbeck, Whig gain.
VII. A. R. McIlvain, Whig, re-elected.
VIII. John Strohm, Whig, re-elected.
IX. Wm. Strong, Dem., succeeds Dem.
X. Richard Brodhead, Dem., re-elected.
XI. Chester Butler, Whig gain.
XII. David Wilmot, Dem., re-elected.
XIII. James Pollock, Whig, re-elected.
XIV. George N. Eckert, succeeds Whig.
XV. Henry Nes. Tariff gain.
XVI. Jasper E. Brady, Whig gain.
XVII. John Blanchard, Whig, re-elected.
XVIII. Andrew Stewart, Whig, re-elected.
XIX. Job Mann, Dem., succeeds Dem.
XX. John Dickey, Whig, succeeds Whig.
XXI. Moses Hampton, Whig, succeeds Whig.
XXII. J. W. Farrelly, Whig gain.
XXIII. James Campbell, Whig gain.
XXIV. Alexander Irvin, Whig succeeds Whig.

Whigs,	17
Democrats,	6
Native,	1
	24

STATE LEGISLATURE.—The State Legislature stands as follows:

Senate—19 Whigs, 13 Democrats.
House—59 Whigs, 39 Democrats.

The Liberty ticket received on an average about 64 votes in Philadelphia County. Dr. Elder, the candidate of both the Liberty Party and the National Reformers, received 150 votes.

OHIO ELECTIONS.

The returns from Ohio indicate the success of the Whig candidate for Governor by a majority of between two and three thousand. The Whig majority in 1844, was about twelve hundred. There is probably a tie in the Senate, two Whig majority in the House, and twelve Whig members of Congress, eight Democrats, and one Independent—being a gain of five members for the Whigs.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The election took place in South Carolina, on Tuesday week. In the Charleston district, J. E. Holmes, Democrat, was re-elected to Congress. It is most probable that the Democratic ticket has generally prevailed.

FLORIDA.

The returns indicate the election of Cabell (Whig) to Congress, which will be a Whig gain.

GEORGIA ELECTION.—It is pretty certain that the election in Georgia has resulted in the choice of four Whigs and four Democrats to Congress. The election of the four Whigs is certain, and of four Democrats almost so. This is a gain of a Whig member.

MARYLAND.—Biennial Sessions have found favor with the people of Maryland by some 2,000 majority.

Miscellaneous News.

INTERESTING IN RELATION TO THE JEWS.—The London Jewish Chronicle, of June 12th, publishes the contents of an interesting letter from Jerusalem. The brethren of the *ten tribes*, it seems, are to be hunted out, and for this purpose the Jews in England intend to exert a hearty co-operation with those settled in other lands. On the 15th of May, a letter arrived in London from the synagogue authorities of Sapheth, saying that in consequence of important information having reached them as to the country where the brethren of the ten tribes are to be found, a resolution was unanimously passed to elect from their congregation a man ready and capable for a mission to that country. They appeal to the Jerusalem Jews for co-operation, and also to elect in Jerusalem one from the Sephardim (Portuguese) Jews, and one from the Ashkenasim (German and Polish) Jews, and to send the three messengers together, who will have to travel for several months through enormous deserts.

It is said that these ten tribes constitute an empire of their own, have their own King, and possess great quantities of ammunition. They are of high stature, and have altogether an athletic appearance. They are generally occupied with the Kabala, are strictly religious, and very wealthy, being in possession of many gold mines. They do not permit a foreigner to settle among them; even the sojourn of a few days can be obtained only by the payment of an enormous tax, with the exception of Israelites, who are received as friends, permitted to reside among them, and are altogether recognized as their own brethren. The synagogue authorities of Jerusalem have consented to the mission, though they will have to incur a heavy expense which so long a journey requires.—*Boston Transcript.*

SHOCKING CASE.—The mosquitoes are somewhat troublesome in New Jersey. An exchange paper speaks of a gentleman there, who to avoid the little rascals slept under a couple of nets. On several mornings he noticed, upon rising, that these nets were covered with blood, and that his person was plentifully adorned by small punctures. Curious to know the cause, he kept awake one night, when he ascertained that the mosquitoes had procured straws, stuck them through the nets, and sucked his blood as a liquor fancier takes a julep! The reader can believe just as much of this as he pleases.

LATEST DESCRIPTION OF A MOUSTACHE.—"Oh, mother, mother!" said a little girl, running into the house in great amazement, "what a funny man I saw—the top of his head was down on his chin, and he hadn't got no mouth!"

HOW TO DO IT.—The ladies are very fond of keeping the door-knobs, spoons, plate, &c., in brilliant order. Now, if instead of water and chalk, and such preparations, ladies will use camphine oil and rotten stone, a far brighter, more durable, and quicker polish can be obtained, than in any other way. Camphine is the article used for producing the exquisite polish of the Daguerreotype plates, and nothing has ever been found to equal it.—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE UNITARIANS.—There are now in the city of Boston twenty-five Unitarian clergymen regularly ordained or installed as pastors of churches, of which five are connected with the Ministry at large, and one society is at present supplied with an unsettled minister; making in all twenty-six clergymen. The aggregate amount of salary paid to them is about $42,000 annually. The probable present value of churches and land is $800,000.

A LITTLE TOO BAD.—Talking of false pretences, a gentleman of this city, recently married a woman reputed to be rich, who turned out not only to be poor, but some seven hundred dollars in debt, which debt he had to liquidate! "She assured him, however, that the debt was contracted for dry goods which she bought to captivate him." Think of a fish paying for the book with which it is caught.—*Spirit of the Times.*

BAILING AND PUMPING.—We read in a Pottsville paper of a man who was very much intoxicated there the other day, and being arrested was sent to "durance vile." "Why didn't you bail him out?" asked a bystander. "*Bail* him out!" exclaimed the other; "by golly you couldn't *pump* him out!"—*Spirit of the Times.*

Local Intelligence.

THE REMAINS OF COMMODORE DECATUR.—We are informed that orders have been issued for the parade of the volunteers of this division, comprising the whole city and county, for a parade on Thursday of next week, the 29th inst., on the occasion of the re-interment of the remains of the gallant Commodore Decatur. As ample time will be thus given for preparations, a full turn out of the volunteers is expected. The re-interment will take place in the grave yard of St. Peter's Church, at the corner of Third and Pine streets, beside the tomb of the Commodore's father. The remains have been lying upon an estate of Col. Bomford, and are removed by government. A subscription paper is now at the Exchange for raising funds to erect a monument.

CHANGE OF HOUR.—The Camden and Amboy Railroad Line for New York will, for the future, leave Walnut street wharf daily, except Sundays, at 6½ o'clock A. M., instead of 5½ A. M., as heretofore. The mail line, which now leaves Philadelphia at 7 o'clock A. M., will leave at 8 o'clock. This change is some weeks earlier than usual, but no farther alteration will be made for the winter. Heretofore it has been the custom for the mail to leave during the winter months at 9 o'clock.

THE SHERIFFALTY.—Mr. Deal, the Democratic candidate for Sheriff, intends to contest the election of Mr. Lelar, the successful candidate, upon the ground of alleged informality in the counting, &c., of the votes.

A REQUISITION FOR TROOPS.—It is said that the President of the United States has made a requisition upon the Governor of Pennsylvania, for six regiments of volunteers for Mexico.

General News.

NEWS FROM OREGON.—We learn from the Independence Expositor, that Mr. Bonney, of Oxford, Ohio, arrived in that town a few days since. He left Oregon on the 14th of May, and represents the people there as being prosperous and generally well satisfied with their new homes. The elections were to take place in June, for members of the Oregon Legislature, and he represents that considerable interest was felt as to the result, the great question at issue being as to whether the sale of ardent spirits should be permitted in the territory or not. Quite a new question for a new country. Mr. Bonney brought in one hundred and twenty-five letters for persons in various parts of the Union—principally from the Oregon and California emigrants who started the present year. He says the emigrants he met were generally healthy and in good spirits, and their teams looking well. He met five hundred wagons on his route in. Some were going to Oregon and some to California. The emigrants to the points above named separated at Independence Rock on the 12th of July last. Governor Boggs went to Oregon, in consequence of the Mormon emigration to California. Mr. Bonney was robbed on his way in, by the Indians, of his horse, provisions and clothing, and travelled about seventy-five miles on foot and alone, when he was overtaken by Messrs. Sublette & Co., and taken to Fort Laramie.

MAIL BAG FOUND.—Demosthenes Tiffany, of Stoneville, (Auburn,) in passing from that place to Clapville yesterday morning, discovered a mail bag sunk in the water under a bridge, about a mile from Stoneville. On drawing it from the water, the sewing was so rotten that it came to pieces. It was found that it had been cut open and rifled of a portion of its contents, and then sunk by putting a large stone in it. Four letters and a quantity of newspapers were found in it. By the way-bill and the post mark on the letters, it appears that the bag contained the Southern mail made up at the Post-office in this town on the afternoon of Oct. 14, 1845. It must, therefore, have been a year in the water. It was sent by the Western Railroad just a week before the mail which was taken from the cars at Washington Square and rifled in that neighborhood. These circumstances will tend to confirm the suspicion then entertained by some, that the robbery was committed by some persons connected with the road. It is not now known that there was any money in the mail. There were two drafts, in whose places, in consequence of their not being received, others were afterwards forwarded.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

A LADY COWHIDER.—Quite a crowd of spectators were congregated together on Thursday afternoon week, at the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway, New York, to witness the novel sight of a lady cowhiding a gentleman. It appears that a Mrs Rhode, who occupies the cane and whip store on the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway, has a glass show case standing outside her door, and this gentleman, whom we understand keeps the trunk shop in the basement under the above store, being annoyed at this case, either on purpose or by accident, broke the glass in the case. This enraged the lady's ire, and letting her feelings overcome her better judgement, she seized a rawhide, and laid it on the shoulders of the trunk maker in right good earnest, to the great merriment of all the bystanders. The trunk maker finding himself in rather a peculiar situation, beat a retreat into his basement to avoid the lash, and the laugh of the spectators.

THE COUNTERFEITERS IN MASSAC COUNTY, ILLINOIS.—A fellow by the name of Standford Rimmer, belonging to the gang of counterfeiters in Massac county, Illinois, has been making a confession, in which he implicates a large number of persons. They were engaged in making counterfeit gold and silver coins, and notes of the Kentucky and Indiana banks. He named, also, thirty-two men, all of whom were from Massac county, except three. Among the number were the Sheriff, County Clerk, three Justices of the Peace, and four Constables, all of whom had their orders to leave the county by the 2d of the present month, and not to reside in the south part of the State. Forty-five others had similar orders, and were preparing to leave.

AMERICAN FLOUR IN ENGLAND.—An English merchant who is here buying bread stuffs, says that American flour *barrels* are effecting a great revolution in the trade there. The practice from time immemorial, has been to sell flour in very large and inconvenient bags, and the trade has been confined to the millers and the meal men. But the great beauty and convenience of the American barrels have brought grocers to take up the business; and he says that now he has orders for fifty barrels a week, from dealers who never before sold flour at all. The English cannot counteract this, for they have no free splitting ash or other timber from which to make these beautiful barrels.—*Journal of Commerce.*

CURRENTS IN LAKE SUPERIOR.—Navigators on Lake Superior have established the fact that a current flows along the northern side of the Keewenaw Peninsula. The current is from the west to the east. A writer in the Lake Superior News says "This part of the Keewenaw Peninsula is nearly in the centre of the Lake, so that in whatever direction the wind may blow, the level of the equilibrium disturbed by the wind is restored by the configuration of the bottom, which seems to cause a current to flow along this coast eastward, to the centre of the Lake, near Keewenaw Point."

EDUCATION OF FREE PERSONS OF COLOR.—The Journal of Commerce has been shown the will of the late John Woodward, Esq., late of New York, Consul-General of the Republic of Texas, by which it appears that the entire estate of this gentleman is left in trust to the Mayor of New York, to be applied exclusively to the education of free persons of color. Mr. Woodward expresses his preference that they should be educated in Africa. At the time of his decease Mr. Woodward held titles to vast bodies of land (some 2,500,000 acres) in Texas, and the value of the estate will depend upon the validity of these claims, which doubtless the executors will endeavor to turn to the best advantage.

A BODY FOUND.—On the 9th inst., the body of J. J. Aversac, late French Consul at Mobile, was found in the woods near the St. Stephen's road, about six miles from the city. His body was identified by Mons. M. De. St. Cyr, the present Consul, and other gentlemen, by his clothes, and the buttons on his coat. Verdict of the Jury, Death from exposure. He has been missing from the city since the 25th of December, at which time he was laboring under a fit of insanity, and it is supposed wandered off into the woods, and died from the extreme severity of the weather, on that night. He is said to have been very wealthy, having an income of $30,000 year.

MELANCHOLY BEREAVEMENT.—Among the officers killed at Monterey, was Captain Field, of the U. S. Army. His wife was on a visit to New York, anxiously expecting letters from her husband. The first intelligence that reached her, after her arrival, was his death. Mrs. F. is the daughter of the late Col. Voss, a gallant officer who was with the Army on the Rio Grande, and whose death also she was called to mourn a short time since. Thus has she to lament the loss of a beloved father and of a husband in whom her very life seemed wrapped. Sorrow sufficient for one at least, to be called to bear.

SURGICAL OPERATION.—Dr. Guion, of Newbern, N. C., recently performed a delicate operation. The patient was a negro child some five years of age, who was suffering under a cancroid or fungoid affection of the right eye, usually called a rose cancer. The coats of the eye were all disorganized and ulcerated, and the humors were all mingled together, forming a projecting mass, about the size of a common walnut. The whole eye was taken out and the wound dressed in about twenty-five minutes. It is now a fortnight since the eye was cut out, and the patient is in every way doing very well.

THE COTTON CROP.—From what we can learn, says the Milledgeville Journal, from various sections of the State, we are led to believe that the cotton crop, in Georgia, will not be as short as was anticipated a few weeks back. The crop will be larger than it was last year; and had it not been for the caterpillar and worm, it would have been quite a large one. As it is, we think there will be at least three-fourths of an average.

ANTI-RENTISM AND DEMOCRACY.—Addison Gardiner, the Democratic nominee for Lieutenant Governor, has formally accepted the nomination, in a letter to the committee appointed by the convention at Syracuse to tender it to him. Mr. Gardiner took the opportunity at the same time of disclaiming all connection with the anti-renters, by a convention of whom, held at Albany, he understood he had received a nomination for the same office.

☞ Gale, the artist, is still alive. Mr. Thomas Bradford, whose house Gale lived in, went to New York a few days ago in search, and found him near the Post Office. Mr. Bradford endeavored to persuade Gale to return to Boston with him, but was unsuccessful. Gale stating that he was about to leave the country.

FATAL AFFRAY.—A lot of smuggled goods were seized at Bangor, a few days ago, by the Collector. The next night a party of men stole them, and proceeded to the residence of the informer, intending to lynch him; but he, aware of their coming, shot one of them dead.

EIGHT MEXICANS MURDERED—*Including two Women.*—The Matamoras Flag reports the murder of the above, only a few miles below that place, and report adds, that the deed was perpetrated by some of our volunteers. The Flag hopes the rumor is untrue.

MR. FORREST.—A complimentary Dinner to Mr. Forrest, the actor, was given on Friday evening week, at the New York Hotel—W. C. Bryant presiding, with Messrs. David Graham and James T. Brady as Vice Presidents.

ANTHRACITE COAL.—A new coal mine has just been discovered at Valley Falls, R. I. The vein is four feet thick, and only fifteen feet from the surface of the earth. Mining operations will commence early next week.

MURDER AND SUICIDE IN HARTFORD.—A man by the name of Lewis M. Holcomb recently shot Daniel F. Olcott in Hartford, Conn., and then shot himself. They had a difficulty in relation to some business transactions.

Casualties.

FIRE AT COLUMBUS, GEO.

There has been a very destructive fire at Columbus, Geo., which consumed nearly four blocks of buildings. Over fifty houses were blown down with gunpowder without accomplishing any good purpose. There was no water to be had, and everything being very dry, and the buildings mostly of wood the conflagration was only stayed by the want of more material in its progress.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—The steamer White Cloud, from New Orleans to St. Louis brought up a passenger who gave his name as Wall. Shortly after the boat arrived he went ashore, and has not been seen since. He left his baggage on the boat, and up to a few minutes before her departure, he had not returned to take possession of it. It has been ascertained, since Mr. Wall's disappearance, that he had a considerable amount of money about his person, and a draft on the Quarter-master at that place for $4,500. It is feared that some accident has befallen him.

THREE VICTIMS TO HYDROPHOBIA.—Two children of Mr. Samuel Condit, of Orange, N. J., have been cut down with this dreadful disease, communicated by a small pet dog belonging to the family. A colored man, who is said to have ministered to the dog, though not conscious of being bitten, died on Friday week, of the same disease.

LOST.—Mr. Wood, the missing Cashier of the Bank of Rome, N. Y., is believed to have fallen overboard from the steamer Massachusetts, on the night of the 18th ult. During the evening he was seen to go to the stern of the boat and vomit. It is believed that while doing so, he lost his balance and fell overboard.

DREADFUL CASUALTY.—A dreadful calamity occurred on the 10th. Samuel Gayman, wife and five children, were burnt to death in their house, about five miles above Harrisburg. A whole family at once destroyed.

Items of News.

GOOD OR BAD FORTUNE.—Two men belonging to Nantucket, discovered on the shore a few days since, after an unusually low ebb tide, a cask, the head showing itself a little above the surface of the water, and which they found on extracting it from its bed, to contain *Five Thousand Spanish Dollars*. It is thought to be a part of the cargo of a brig wrecked at that place more than fifteen years ago.

PROBABLE SUICIDE.—*Singular Discovery.*—A dead body was taken from the Ohio River, opposite this city, yesterday, dressed in men's clothes, which were taken off at the Coroner's inquest, when it was ascertained that the body was that of a female! In her pocket was a pack of cards and 1 cents. We did not learn the name or further particulars.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A FAILURE.—Considerable excitement was created at Detroit, on the 7th instant, in consequence of the failure of the Oakland County Bank. Its circulation is about $30,000, and Mr. Truesdail has issued a card, stating that if the assets of the Bank prove insufficient for the redemption of this amount he will use his private property to make up the deficiency.

SWEDISH IRON.—The exports of Swedish iron during the last year amounted to 111,120,000 French Kilograms, (5 Kilograms are a small fraction over 11 lbs. avoirdupois,) being an increase on the preceding year of more than one third. The increase is ascribed chiefly to the demand for railroads in process of construction upon the continent of Europe.

☞ The Norris's, of this city, have contracted to furnish the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Company with all their locomotives, cars, machinery, &c., amounting to about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

THE PROFITS OF A PARISIAN NEWSPAPER.—The "Constitutionnel," which has a daily circulation of 25,000, has recently been purchased by M. Mosselman of M. Veron, who originally paid for the property 100,000 francs. The advertising columns of the "Constitutionnel" are farmed for a period of fifteen years, by M. Duveyrier, at 200,000 francs per annum; but the paper, it is said, does not return a shilling of profit to the proprietors.

EITHER WAY.—A wag one day asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself!" replied the other, in a heat, "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

A RESURRECTIONIST.—A man, named Clow, was convicted in Troy, New York, a few days since, of stealing from the grave, the body of a little girl, and fined $500 and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A FLOURISHING OLD AGE.—Mrs. Rose Riley, of Cold Spring, aged ninety, has recently cut four new front teeth, being the third set, and her eye sight has been so renewed that she reads without glasses.

☞ The eagle, it is said, can fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour; wild geese, ninety miles; swallows, ninety-two miles; and the common crow at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

☞ An Extraordinary Religious Revival has taken place in the Methodist Episcopal Churches in Baltimore, during the past few weeks; upwards of two thousand have been added to their numbers.

☞ A bottle, enclosing a note, which was thrown overboard by Capt. Tod when the steamship New York was about going to pieces in the Gulf, has been picked up on the beach at Galveston.

☞ The "Old Man of the Mountain," or rather the gentleman who corresponded with the New York Tribune, under this title, N. P. Rodgers, Esq., of Concord, N. H., died last Thursday week.

AN IMMENSE ESTATE.—A Quaker family named Chase, residing in Yarmouth, Mass., claim to be the heirs of the Townley estate, in England, which is valued at fifty-two millions pounds sterling.

TREES IN BLOOM.—The editor of the Newark Advertiser received on Monday a bunch of flowers, taken from a tree now in blossom—being the fourth time it has blossomed this summer.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.—There is, in some people, a huge nerve in connection between the brain and the pocket. Punch says, "To resuscitate a drowned Yankee—search his pockets."

MAJOR RINGGOLD'S REMAINS.—A committee has been appointed in Baltimore to proceed forthwith to Point Isabel to bring the remains of Major Ringgold to that city.

LETTERS FOR CALIFORNIA.—The Navy Department at Washington is making arrangements for establishing a monthly mail, via Chagres and Panama.

☞ The New England Iron Company, at Providence, are making twenty tons of first rate railroad iron daily.

The Markets.

Selected Poetry.

HYMN.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

[The following hymn was sung at the public exercises of the Essex Agricultural Society at Lynn:]

Once more amid the harvest fields with autumn's stores embowered,
With flowers and fruits and golden grain in rich profusion crowned,
Behind our steps the summer fades, before us all appear
The hues that with their glory paint the closing time of year.

Once more we've seen the genial earth fling winter from her arms,
For us unfold her mighty heart and give us all her charms;
Once more we've met the summer's sun amid the blaze of June,
And gathered Nature's bounties in, beneath the harvest moon.

The forest leaves, of late so fresh, lie strewn and withered round,
The voice of coming storms sweeps o'er the naked ground,
The birds that filled the living air have spread their wanton wing,
Afar beneath another sky to seek another spring.

Yet though the circling seasons change, and each resumes its reign,
Not for this we grieve to see the year's departing train,
Our hopes, that flushed the vernal hour, have found their rich reward,
And smiles should cheer the wintry hearth where plenty decks the board.

Like men we met our honest toils with every rising morn,
Like men we bore the fervid heat amid the bending corn,—
And now with grateful hearts we come to bless the bounteous Power,
Whose goodness sent the ripening sun, and poured the kindly shower.

And still to seek thy fostering hand and own thy constant care,
May we and ours to endless years thy glorious name declare;
Thine are our fields, and flocks, and herds, and all that crowns our days,
And still to Thee, Almighty Lord! eternal be the praise.

Interesting Sketch.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

A DAY AT LOWELL.

BY THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER.

Happening to be in England at the time that Dickens' most unfortunate book on America appeared, I was very much amused with the great incredulity with which his account of Lowell was received. To the majority of his readers it was the most improbable chapter in the book. That every one in America should smoke in a railway car, or that all our members of Congress should chew tobacco and carry bowie knives, seemed probable enough, but that the factory operatives in any country should be able to read and write, to conduct a magazine or play on the piano, was as hard to be believed as the account of the sea serpent or "Captain Riley's Narrative." Where it was believed, it gave a higher idea of the progress of American civilization than anything that had appeared for a long time.

One of the most puzzling questions to the political economists of Great Britain is—how to manage the operatives of the manufactories and the collieries; and just about the time of which I speak, the operatives had undertaken to manage things for themselves by striking for higher wages and closing violently all the establishments. Manchester, Preston, Bolton, &c., were all in a state of insurrection; starving, haggard multitudes were parading the streets clamoring for bread; the troops of the line were called out to shoot down men like deer—and [illegible] had begun to [illegible] about, "fleshing his maiden [illegible] his own Saxon peasantry! So numerous and so violent had these outbreaks become, and so degrading was the condition of the manufacturing classes, that it was no wonder that a description such as Mr. Dickens's should have been received with much interest and some incredulity. I even felt, myself a new desire to see those wonders, and took the earliest opportunity I have had since my return to visit Lowell; and I know that the readers of the "Lady's Book" will feel sufficient interest in the progress of their countrywomen to be glad to hear anything concerning it.

Lowell is now so easy of access that there is no longer an excuse for Americans to remain in ignorance of it. The railroad from Boston is the very best that I have yet found in this country, and reminds me, by its completeness and the perfection of its management, of an English road. For a short time we flew at the rate of a mile in one minute and thirty-eight seconds! On the Great Western Railway, (London to Bath,) they frequently reach a mile per minute! On landing from the cars, the contrast between Lowell and the British manufacturing towns is very striking. You are saluted by no cries of distress or haunted by no special objects begging for a breakfast at noonday. You see no pale, sorrowful children in the streets, who are starved on three pennyworth of oat-meal and blue milk per day! and the first view of the stately rows of factory buildings, instead of calling up the idea of vast prison houses, in which the cries of sorrow are drowned by the roar of wheels and spindles, only fills the mind with pride at the triumphs of American enterprise and civilization.

The wages of the operatives are sufficient to support them comfortably. The males receive four dollars per week, and the females one dollar and seventy-five cents. From this they are enabled by economy and Yankee tact to lay up a snug sum in the Bank for savings, which, by the time they "graduate" from the factories, is enough generally to furnish their cottage with every thing which a Yankee housewife considers indispensable.

Not long since a tidy female came back again to her place at the loom, at which she had spun for nineteen years, to enlist again for a new term of years—and during that time she had saved from her earnings two thousand dollars! and at the same time found her health constantly better than when engaged in any other occupation. In the Bank of Savings there is now stored away the handsome sum of one hundred thousand dollars, the property of about nine hundred of the female operatives! By and by the traveller through New England will see the fruits of that industry in some white-washed cottage, with a morning glory about the door and a clump of dahlias beside the white paling, and a tidy matron in the threshold with two or three "offerings" sitting on her knee or trudging off with their cotton sun-bonnets to school.

Lowell is a remarkable specimen of Yankee precocity. It is only twenty-five years old, and contains already 25,000 inhabitants. Of these, nine thousand are factory girls. The town looks as if it had all been built yesterday. Every house is as white as its neighbor, and as the trees, which are few and small, have had but little time to grow, there is a plentiful lack of shade, and the reflection from the unbroken mass of white objects is very unpleasant. Within the narrow limits of this city, so lately a pasture field, there are already twenty-seven manufacturing establishments, and ten millions of capital invested. Two hundred thousand spindles are constantly whirling and buzzing; wheels are turning and writhing in ever direction about you, and as you stand by the river-bank in the midst of the immense establishments, the very earth seems to shake beneath the ceaseless on-goings of so much roaring labor and turmoil.

To those who are provided with cards of admission, the mills are open for inspection, and I clambered from one noisy apartment up to another till my knees ached and my ears were stunned. In one of the mills I met whole troops of damsels on their way to dinner; some were making their toilets beside great troughs of water, and by the aid of mirrors as large as a pane of glass nailed up to the walls of the room. They plied the comb and brush as diligently, and twisted their long tresses about their fingers as coolly as if there were no spectators present; and when they had conformed themselves to the spirit of Yankee neatness, they put on their shawls and bonnets, which hung on long rows of pegs, and marched off to their boarding-houses with a better zest, no doubt, than many a titled lady sits down to her pates and jellies. It would be hardly fair to judge of their beauty in such a costume, but now and then a sunshiny face went by which would have commanded a premium at Almacks or in Windsor itself.

They are not required to do so much work but that they have abundant time for mental improvement; and I observed as I passed through the rooms that a large part of them, seesaw-like, were all the time talking, although only to themselves! Perhaps solving an arithmetical problem, or inditing a love-letter, or, mayhap, concocting an article for the "Lowell Offering." The editress of this remarkable literary phenomenon has long been employed in the mills, and I felt some curiosity to see her, but after inquiring for her repeatedly, and being told as often that she "did not work on that corporation," I found that she had left the loom, and was devoting herself entirely to her increasing editorial duties. There was something exceedingly ludicrous in the idea of seeking for an editress among the spindles of a cotton factory, and amid such associations, but from the character of her editorial production, I am well persuaded that she does more honor to "the craft" than many whose pretensions are more lofty. She is a plain and modest young woman, and bears the "blushing honors" of her present literary lineage with considerable address and dignity.

The morals of Lowell are far above what might be reasonably expected. Among the regulations posted on the doors of one of the establishments, I was pleased to observe that "no person would be kept in the employ of the company who would not attend divine worship, or whose character was not strictly moral." There are twenty-four churches and religious societies in Lowell; the Sabbath schools are highly flourishing, and there is less intemperance and crime, I am credibly informed, than in any other town of its size and population.

All honor to the factory girls of Lowell! Their praise has gone forth into all lands. They lead lives of happy industry, and eat the bread of honest independence. In the midst of their hard labors they solace themselves with the pure thoughts, which are the reward of virtuous lives, and with the cherished gleanings of knowledge which they have gathered in the intervals of rest. They lay up for themselves a decent competence, which raises them above the sorrows of dependence and temptations of crime. They become the thrifty wives of our yeomanry, and make their own hearthstones the abode of cheerful contentment. They rear up children for the church and the commonwealth with the same lessons of industry and mental activity which they learned themselves, and with the reasonable hope that they may one day see them in the halls of legislation, or in the chairs of our universities. Like the virtuous women of Solomon, they "lay their hands to the spindle, and their hands hold the distaff, and their own works shall praise them in the gates."

Not Very Bad.—Some years ago a student at Dartmouth College having assigned to him the task of writing a composition, and feeling under the divine influence of Apollo and the nine at the time, produced what he considered an elegant and finished piece of blank verse. He handed it to the preceptor, (a plain matter-of-fact man, who knew nothing of the flights of fancy,) while a smile of self-complacency illuminated his countenance. The Professor, "with spectacles on nose," ran his eye rapidly over the page, then turning to the exulting student, said in his peculiar low and dignified manner—"I have more than once already told you, that capital letters should be used only at the beginning of a sentence, when commencing the name of the Deity, and all proper names, but I find you have commenced every line with capitals." "True, sir, but this is poetry," said the student, somewhat chop fallen. "Oh, ho! this is poetry, is it? indeed, I was not aware of that!"—Vermont Journal.

☞ A young minister in a country parish, who prided himself on speaking the purest English, told his servant to extinguish the candle.

"What's your will, sir?" said Jenny.

"Put out the candle," said the minister.

A few days after, when he was entertaining some friends at dinner, Jenny asked him if she should extinguish the cat.

Scattering Shot.—An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied, that "scattering shot would hit the most birds."

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

WORMWOOD. *Displeasure.*

Farewell! the tie is broken—thou
With all thou wert to me, hast parted! — *Willis.*

'Twas the doubt that thou wert false, that wrung my heart with pain,
But now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well again;
I would proclaim thee, as thou art, but every maiden knows,
That she who chides her lover, forgives him, ere he goes. — *Bryant.*

Artemisia, is possibly derived from ARTEMIS, the Greek name of Diana, in honor of whom, yearly festivals, called *Artemisiae* were observed throughout Greece, particularly at Delphos. Possibly, the goddess, who is represented, as somewhat severe in her exactions, may have required of her votaries, the *chewing of this bitter herb*, as a preparation for sacrificing to her divinity, as did Apollo, of the priestesses who officiated at his celebrated temple of Delphos, the *chewing of laurel leaves*.

This genus of plants, includes *wormwood*, *southernwood*, *mugwort*, etc. The common *wormwood*, *A. Absinthium*, grows wild in temperate latitudes, but it is also cultivated in gardens. It is not easy to distinguish it from *A. Abrotanum*, southernwood; both having a pale hoary green *foliage*, with an indeterminate *stalk*, branching out into many small shoots, with spikes of naked *flowers*, hanging downward. All the species have an acrid bitter taste.

WAX PLANT. *Susceptibility.*

Love, has lent life's wings a rosy hue,
But ah! love's dyes were caught above,
They brighten—but they wither too! — *Willis.*

Oh, much I fear thy guileless heart, its earnestness of feeling,
Its passions, and its sympathies, to every eye revealing—
I tremble for that winning smile, and trusting glance of thine,
And pray that none but faithful ones, may kneel before thy shrine. — *J. G. Whittier.*

Hoya, is a genus of twining or decumbent shrubs, with opposite fleshy leaves, and many flowered umbels standing between the foot stalks. The *corolla*, wheel shaped, five-cleft.

Only a few species have been defined. *H. Carnosa*, and *H. Pramia*, have *flowers* of the most delicate blush color. That of *H. Viridiflora*, are green and scentless. None of the species can bear exposure to the direct rays of the sun—their *susceptible* leaves, become blotched, if subjected to its withering heat.

SAGE. *Domestic Virtues.*

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote. — *Milton.*

To give society its highest taste,
Well ordered home man's best delight to make;
And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle, care-deluding art,
To raise the virtue, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise. — *Thomson.*

Salvia, an ancient Latin name, supposed to allude to the salubrious qualities of the plant—perhaps from the L. verb *salve*, God save you, or the adv. *salve*, well in health.

Sage was supposed by the ancients to possess the virtue of prolonging human life; hence the following line:

"*Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?*"

"How can a man die, in whose garden there grows *sage?*"

The common garden sage, *Salvia officinalis*, is a plant as well known to the simple, as the wise. Its agreeable aromatic bitter, forms a component part in almost all culinary preparations; and for its medicinal virtues, it has been ever held in great esteem by all domestic practitioners. An infusion of the leaves, in the form of tea, is considered particularly serviceable to persons of cold phlegmatic habits, laboring under nervous debility. And with the addition of a little lemon juice and sugar, is a grateful drink in febrile disorders.

RUE. *Disdain.*

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look upon. — *Shaks.*

Oh! to be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
coy looks
With heart sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights! — *Id.*

Ruta, an ancient Latin name derived from the Greek ρυω, *to flow*, in allusion to some reputed expelling qualities of the plant.

Johnson tells us, it was called *Herb of Grace*, because holy water was sprinkled with it. Jeremy Taylor says of it, "they (the Romish exorcists) are to try the Devil by holy water, incense, sulphur, *rue*, and from thence, as is supposed, it received the appellation of *Herb of Grace*."

What savory is better
For places infected, than wormwood and *rue*. — *Tusser.*

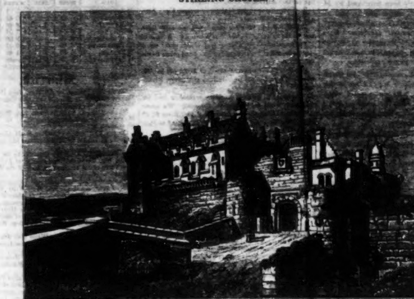
The weasel, to encounter the serpent, arms herself with eating *rue*.

There's fennel for you, and columbines:
There's rue for you: and here's some for me:—
We may call it *herb of grace*, o' Sundays: you
May wear your *rue* with a difference. There's a
Daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they
Wither'd all, when my father died. — *Shaks.*

Here did she drop a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of *rue*, sour *herb of grace*. — *Id.*

Our Picture Gallery.

STIRLING CASTLE.



STIRLING CASTLE.

Stirling, anciently Striveling, was in former times one of the most important towns, in a military point of view, in the Scottish realm. From its position on the Forth, it was the key to the Highlands—"the bulwark of the north"—as Scott has called it in his "Lady of the Lake." It stands on the south bank of that river, and used to command the only bridge by which it was crossed. The situation of the place in its general features very much resembles that of Edinburgh. Both towns are seated on the south bank of the Forth, and each occupies an eminence, rising by a gradual ascent from the east, and terminating at the opposite extremity in a precipitous rock, the summit of which is crowned by the fort or castle. The natural battlement, however, on which the Castle of Stirling stands, is the higher of the two, being about 350 feet above the level of the sea, while the other is not quite three hundred.

Stirling appears to have become a royal residence about the middle of the twelfth century; but probably none of the present buildings of the castle are older than the middle of the fifteenth, when James I., on his return from his long but fortunate detention in England, made this place his principal royal seat. Its resemblance to Windsor, where, captive although he was, he had passed the happiest years of his life, and his affection for which he has himself celebrated with so much tenderness in his "Quair," is supposed to have been one of the principal motives of his partiality. His son and successor, James II., was born here, and one of the still-existing apartments in the castle is renowned as the scene of a deed of bloody ferocity perpetrated by this monarch. The powerful family of the Douglases had been for many years the chief source of disturbance in the kingdom, and had indeed shown on various occasions nothing short of a determination to dispute the supreme authority with the reigning house. The laws of honorable warfare were probably but little regarded on either side in that savage age; and in a contest, especially waged for so high a prize as was here at stake, it was to be expected that men's passions should be maddened to a readiness for any excess. In the year 1440, William Earl of Douglas, a youth of sixteen, with his brother, was allured into the Castle of Edinburgh, and there basely murdered. While the unsuspecting victims of treachery were seated at table, a boar's head, the well-known intimation that their lives were forfeited, was placed before them, and they were forthwith led, first to a mock trial, and thence to the block. There is much force, and even a sort of rude sublimity in the old rhythmical malediction which refers to this deed, and used probably to be muttered afterwards as an incentive to vengeance by the adherents of the slaughtered noblemen:—

"Edinburgh castle, town and tower,
God grant thou sink for sin,
And that even for the black dinour (dinner)
Earl Douglas got therein!"

The possessions of the family, however, were not taken from them on this occasion, but were bestowed upon an uncle of the late earl. It was William, the son of this uncle, who met with his bloody fate in Stirling Castle. He had raised an army, and formed a confederacy of the nobility with the avowed intention of setting at defiance the royal authority. On this the King invited him to come to Stirling that they might settle the matters of dispute between them peaceably in a personal conference. The promise of a safe convoy induced the Earl to trust his person within the Royal Castle. At first he was treated with all hospitality and apparent kindness. James then led him to his private closet, and they entered into conversation. By degrees their altercation grew warmer, James insisting that Douglas should dissolve his rebellious confederacy, while the latter steadily refused to obey the command. At last the King, rising from his seat in fury, exclaimed, grasping his dagger as he spoke, "If you will not break this league, I shall!"—and instantly plunged the weapon in the Earl's heart. The apartment in which this murder was perpetrated, is still known by the name of the *Douglas's Room*. It is in the northwest corner of the Castle, in the suite of rooms which anciently formed part of the royal residence, and are now occupied by the fort major. Some years ago a skeleton was found in a cleft of the rock immediately under the window of this room, which was supposed to have been that of the unfortunate Earl.

The ground immediately around the Castle, and which is walled in as a royal park, contains various monuments of antiquity. Among them is an eminence, on the northeast, where criminals used to be executed, alluded to in the "Lady of the Lake," in the speech put into the mouth of Douglas, as he makes his way up the rock:

"Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his Sovereign bled!
And thou, oh, sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand!"

Here also is the round table where it is said that tournaments were anciently held, with the adjoining seat from which the dames of the court viewed the contest, still distinguished by the name of the Ladies' Rock. This, too, is introduced by Scott:—

"The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang," &c.

And so frequently in ancient times was the country in the neighborhood of this important fortress the scene of the meeting of hostile armies, that no fewer than twelve battle fields are pointed out from the summit of the rock,—the glorious field of Bannockburn, the Marathon of Scotland, among the rest.

Salmagundi.

POPULAR ERRORS IN MEDICINE.

BY AN EDINBURGH PHYSICIAN.

Many people put great faith in the wholesomeness of eating only one dish at dinner. They suppose that the mixture of substances prevents easy digestion. They would not eat fish and flesh, fowl and beef, animal food and vegetables. This seems a plausible notion, but daily practice shows its absurdity. What dinner sits easier on the stomach than a slice of roasted or boiled mutton, and carrots or turnips, and the indispensable potato? What man ever felt the worse for a cut of cod or turbot, followed by a beefsteak, or slice of roast beef and pudding? In short, a variety of wholesome food does not seem incompatible at meals, if one does not eat too much—here the error lies.

It is a common practice with bathers, after having walked on a hot day to the sea side, to sit down on the cold damp rocks till they cool, before going into the water. This is quite erroneous. Never go in the water if over fatigued, or after profuse and long continued perspiration; but always prefer plunging in while the first drops of perspiration are on your brow. There is no fear of sudden transitions from heat to cold being fatal. Many nations run from the hot bath, and plunge naked into the snow. What is to be feared is sudden cold after the exhaustion of the body, and while the animal powers are not sufficient to produce a reaction or recovery of the animal heat.

There is a favorite fancy of rendering infants and farther advanced children, hardy and strong by plunging them into cold water. This will certainly not prevent strong infants from growing stronger, but it will, and often does, kill three out of every five. Infants always thrive the best with moderate warmth, and a milk-warm bath. The same rule applies to the clothing of children and infants. No child should have too light clothing, and exercise is all indispensable for the health of the little ones. But above all things, their heads should be kept cool and generally uncovered.

Many people so laud early rising as would lead one to suppose that sleep was one of those lazy, sluggish and bad practices, that the sooner the custom was abolished the better. Sleep is as necessary to a man as food, and as some do with one third the food that others absolutely require, so five hours sleep is sufficient for one, while another requires seven or eight hours. Some men cannot by any possibility sleep more than four or five hours in twenty-four; and, therefore, true to the inherent selfishness of human nature, they abuse all who sleep longer. No one should be taunted for sleeping eight hours if he can.

Many people do not eat salt with their food, and the fair sex have a notion that this substance darkens the complexion. Salt seems essential to the health of every human being, more especially in moist climates. Without salt the body becomes infested with intestinal worms. The case of a lady is mentioned in a medical journal, who had a natural antipathy to salt, and never used it with her food; the consequence was she became dreadfully infested with these animals. A punishment once existed in Holland, by which criminals were denied the use of salt; the same consequence followed with these wretched beings. We rather think a prejudice exists with some of giving little or no salt to children. No practice can be more cruel or absurd.

THE NEW DEACON.

[We transfer to our columns the subjoined amusing story, from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser:]

We noticed in an eastern paper a recent action against a London Chemist on account of a hair dye, that instead of turning complainant's whiskers to a jetty blackness, had raised a blister, in consequence of which, whiskers, skin and all had peeled off. This case reminds us of another attempt at hair dyeing, the consequences of which, if not so distressing, were serious enough to the party. In a country village, in this State, some twenty years ago, the village doctor was chosen deacon in the Congregational Church. The doctor, though a hale, hearty man, had turned gray in early life, and at the time we speak of, his locks had become of almost snowy whiteness.

He was a gallant man though a sincere Christian, and his hoary honors somewhat annoyed him. So, to grace his new dignity, the night before the Sabbath, when the "sacrament," as the communion was termed, was to be administered, he undertook to dye his hair to a becoming brown, more suitable to his age. We know not what application he made use of, but during the morning service, while the new deacon sat under the pulpit as was customary, the action of the light rapidly worked a chemical and almost magical change in the outward adornment of his head. Some of the locks deepened into a rich brown, while others flushed into a fiery red, and some gently subsided from their pristine whiteness into a most delicate pea green. All unconscious of these variegated honors, at the close of the ordinary service the deacon undertook to officiate, bearing round the consecrated bread and wine.

The communicants were humble, sincere Christians, feeling deeply the solemnity of the occasion, but the new deacon's hair was too much for the most of them. There was a grim relaxation of the features of the older among them, who might have sat for pictures of the old Covenanters, while the younger could scarcely refrain from an unequivocal smile. The venerable apostolic man who ministered to the congregation, and who, with a most fervent piety, had a quick sense of the ludicrous, soon noticed the unwonted bearing of his flock and its cause, and as the deacon returned to the table quietly requested him to refrain from further service in favor of an old brother, to supply whose place and infirmities of age he had been chosen. The next day, when the doctor started to visit his patients, his head was clothed with a nicely fitting new black silk skull cap, and several months elapsed before he again officiated as deacon.

Fun and Frolic.

GOOD ONES.

"The blackbird whistles for his dinner just like myself," said an Irishman to his companion. "How's that, Paddy, my darlint?" "Why, you spalpeen, don't you see that when he whistles he's calling for his *mate?*"

A figurative Hibernian patriot said, that he hoped this nation would not embark on a sea of trouble with old Ireland, for, if so, she might find the sham rock a real one.

In what order does the Bible tell us that Noah came out of the ark?—"Noah came forth out of the ark."

It's Just a Fashion.—The pious Mr. ——, who, by the way, is suspected of being no better than he should be, notwithstanding all his professions, a short time since rebuked a well known merchant of this city for using profane language.

"Your language is ungentlemanly, and impious," said Mr. ——. "You should break yourself of such an abominable practice."

"I know it," returned the dealer in cotton bales and profanity; "but most men fall into some error or another unknown to themselves, yet they are entirely innocent of all intention to do wrong, notwithstanding their inaccuracies; now, I swear a great deal, and you pray a great deal, yet neither of us, I am confident, *means anything by it!*"

Buying a Hat.—"Misther, have ye ever a palm-leaf hat?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wad be after purchasing one, and what will ye ax?"

"Nine shillings."

"Nine shillings! but that bates me intirely. I could buy that same for four and sixpence, while since."

"Oh, well, wait a bit, till summer is over, and you may have this for that price."

"Thrue for ye!—but what will cover the head of me the while? Och! I'll fix it, so that naythur of us will be cheated. I'll take the hat now, and pay when the price is down."

A Good Telescope.—A gentleman conversing with an Irishman, stated that he had "seen a telescope with which he could see rocks in the moon."

"Arrah," said Pat, "an' was it not my own father that had a telescope which would bring a pig so near you could see him five miles off, an' faith, an' you could hear him grunt, too."

A Strong Position.—Gentlemen of the Jury—There are four points in this case. In the first place, we contend that we never had the plaintiff's horse; second, that we paid him for the use of the horse; third, he agreed to let us use the horse for his keeping, without any charge; and fourth, that his horse is a jackass.

Is it Sifted?—A countryman in one of the Western States, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following brief conversation took place:

"Do you want any meal, ma'am?"

"What do you ask me for a bushel?"

"Ten cents, ma'am—prime!"

"Oh, I can get it for a fip!"

(In a despairing voice,) "Dear lady! will you take a bushel for nothing?"

"Is it sifted?"

Proper Resentment.—A mild tempered old gentleman was going down his cellar stairs with a lamp and old brown pitcher, on a frosty evening, and his feet slipping from the first step, he was precipitated to the bottom! His wife, a nice old lady, hearing the noise, ran to the cellar door and called out—

"Why, husband! have you broke your pitcher?"

"No I han't yet," replied the old man, "but I'll be darn'd if I don't do it now," and immediately smashed the pitcher against the cellar wall.

A Sweet Poem.

LOVE HER STILL.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

Love her still!
She hath fallen very low,—
Thou, who knew'st her long ago,
Little, little canst thou see
Of her girlhood's purity;
But, though sin hath left its trace
On her once sweet happy face,
And that innocent maiden brow
Droopeth in dark shadow now—
Though life's glory all hath fled,
And life's shame is here instead,
Love her still!

Love her!—let no harsh cold word,
Man, from lips of thine be heard:
Woman, with no lifted eye
Mock thou her deep misery—
Weep ye—tears, give tears alone,
To our world forsaken one.
Love her still!

Love her!—let her feel your love—
Summer showers that fall above
Fainting blossoms, leave with them
Freshen'd leaf, and straighten'd stem;
Sunshine oft doth give again
Bloom, the bitter storm hath ta'en;
And this human love of ours,
By the world's poor faded flowers
May be found as dear a boon
As God's blessed rain and sun,
To restore their native hue,
And their native fragrance too.
Love her still!

Gather round her, weep and pray—
Clasp her, lead her from the way
She doth journey—tenderly,
From the wrong and misery,
To the better paths where peace
Waiteth her, with sweet release
From life's heart-ache;—so once more
In her breast the hope of yore
May be lit—that blessed hope,
That with earthly loss doth cope,
Earthly sin, and earthly shame,
Till all earth is but a name,
And the rescued soul is given
With its treasure unto Heaven.
Oh! bethink ye of the bliss
That will fill your hearts for this,
Loving Friends, what time ye see
Shadow after shadow flee
From her pale, sad face—what time,
Soaring in a thought sublime,
Ye shall *know* the while ye pray,
To His Angels, God doth say,
LOVE HER STILL!

The Grammarian.

ERRATA AMERICANA.

NO. SIX.

FROM THE NEWARK DAILY ADVERTISER.

Beside, prep.—*By the side, along side, near to, &c.*

Besides, prep.—*In addition to, over and above, &c.*

Toward, adj.—*Docile, tractable, ready to obey.*

Towards, prep.—*In the direction of.*

There is no more pernicious corruption of our language, than the growing practice of confounding words together, and using them indiscriminately, because they may have been derived from the same or a similar source, even though they were originally intended, and used for a long time, to express entirely distinct ideas. This remark is exemplified in the two couplets placed at the head of this article.

Their difference will clearly appear from a few examples:

Psalm xix. 3. I will go out and stand *beside* (i. e. by the side of) my father.

Psalm xxiii. 2. He leadeth me *beside* (i. e. along the side of) the still waters.

Cant. I. 8. Feed thy kids *beside* (i. e. along side of, or near to) the shepherds' tents.

Now mark the difference in the import of the word "besides."

Gen. xxvi. 1. And there was a famine in the land *besides* (i. e. in addition to) the famine that was in the days of Abraham.

Lev. xviii. 18. Neither shalt thou take a wife to her sister—*besides* the other, &c.

The obvious distinction between these two words has, of late years, been so much disregarded, that it is common to find them used indifferently; and even some lexicographers have sanctioned the corruptions by setting them down as one and the same word. It is most of all to be regretted, that the Holy Scriptures, in which this distinction was formerly preserved with care, are now often printed without regard to the difference of these words. See a most ridiculous perversion of sentiment in Num. v. 20, by the use of the word "*beside*" instead of "*besides*," in a recent edition of the "Cottage Bible," printed at Hartford, also in other editions.

I am happy to say, that, as far as I have examined, the books of the American Bible Society are not liable to this charge.

There is another sense of the word "*beside*" that has not yet been noticed, in which it is used to express aberration of mind or incipient derangement.

Acts xxvi. 24. Festus said, Paul, thou art *beside* thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

2. Cor. v. 13. Whether we be *beside* ourselves, &c.

This import of the term is manifestly derived from its original meaning, and is a delicate intimation that the man is not what he was, or rather, not in the same place, but *along side of it*—just removed a little out of his own proper position.

In the last two examples, let an *s* be added to the word *beside*, and what nonsense is the result! Are not the words, then, manifestly distinct? and ought not that distinction to be carefully preserved?

Similar and additional reasons urge the careful preservation of the distinction between "*toward*" and "*towards*." The former is an adjective, and expresses that quality of mind which is denominated *docility, readiness to submit, aptness to learn*. Thus we say, "He is possessed of a *toward* disposition." But the latter is a preposition, and always expresses *tendency in a specified direction*.

It is easy to discover the affinity in the import of these two words, and the almost entire similarity of their form marks their common origin. But these are no reasons for confounding them, or using them as one and the same. Every friend of literature ought to use his influence to prevent words, which have been long appropriated to express distinct ideas, from being confounded and used indiscriminately.

The words which have formed the subject of this article illustrate this remark, which may be extended to many other words in our language.

QUILIBET.

Choice Selections.

THE AGE OF PRACTICE.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

The age of Practice is now at hand. The true credentials are deeds. The genuine test is performance.

The Doctrine of Works has been too much neglected in this Protestant age of sectarian opinions. "Faith without works," rightly said the Apostle James, "is dead." Mere expression of belief is not true faith. Simple assent to a verbal creed is of no avail. True faith is a practical confidence operating in good works.

The union of Church and State—not the mere formal worthless thing of politicians, but a truer, a diviner idea—is the societary actualization of the sacredness of good works. We should sanctify and hallow art, science and industry. Our fields and our houses should become to us as portions of the common temple of God. Each effort should be as a prayer; each rest as a thanksgiving. Every function of work should be holy; each department of labor honorable, each portion of industry attractive. The priesthood of industry should commence. The hierarchy of labor should be installed. Every one should be a worker; every one a priest. This would be the true union of Church and State. This is the required combined reform in temporals and spirituals.

The true practice of good works does not consist in mere alms-giving. Justice above charity, oh pharisaic and ever good intentioned but unenlightened alms-givers! Put that spade into the hands of you beggar, take one in thine own, go there both together upon that field and dig! This is better than putting money into a pocket full of holes. This is better than sending charity with halfpence to the gin palace. This is better than alms-giving. It is grander than charity, for it is love and justice. It is as fraternity, above patronage. It is as community, above slavery. It is the land and the tool it is the spade and the acre which every Christian, every human being, ought to have with which to work. By the lazy rich and the idle poor, and by those unemployed, the Divine command is not obeyed: "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread."

Woe unto those by whom this divine and benevolent command is obeyed not. By the contracted chest, by the weak and undeveloped frame, by the flaccid muscle, by the hellish pang of ennui, are those who will not work punished. By increased pauper rates, by dread of incendiary torch and smoking homestead, by fear of red riot and flaming rebellion are those damned who will not let others work. No sin under God's Heaven escapes without a punishment. Those who transgress God's laws in human nature or in human society, are condemned by their transgression.

Mightily let us invoke the Age of Practice: its credentials, deeds; its test, performance. Nothing is too good to be done. Nothing is too loving for the heart. Nothing is too thoughtful for the mind. Nothing is too powerful for the hand. There cannot be too much piety, too much patriotism, too much philanthropy. One cannot be too much a saint or a hero. "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." Never too high the kebla in the mosques of the true Islam. The higher the endeavor, the more likely the effort. Shoot at a rush candle and thou shalt hit the table. Wing thy shaft at the Polar Star, and thou shalt pierce the Lion or the Great Bear. That which is most wanting should be the most tried after. All things are possible to faith. The thought of annihilation approximates Atheism. "Perhaps" should be banished the dictionary. The more we try, the more shall we gain. Trial itself is a gain. If we reach not at first the thing attempted, we shall yet acquire more strength for another endeavor.

Let the future one be the Age of Practice: we have had enough of mere doctrine. If we cannot, however, ourselves become practical, let us at any rate write in favor of practice. Let our poets sing its laud. Let our orators speak its praises. So sung and spoken, assuredly it will then be done.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

The plague had broken out in Tuscany! In the village of Coreggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young, and then the old—of a whole family dropped off. A woman, the wife of a laborer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the fate of the neighboring family before-mentioned, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them in a room, and sacrificed, to their safety, even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the eldest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "good-by, mother," in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. "Good by, mother," replied the youngest child, stretching his little head out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered, and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and the import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her; she recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more! What is like the heart of a mother? You remember the words of a poor woman on hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham—"God certainly would not have required such a sacrifice of a mother!"—*From the Italian.*

THE COQUETTE.

BY MILES GERALD KEON.

One Spring morning, in her old age, she sat down alone at the casement. The morning of the day, and of the year, put her in mind of the morning of her life, and she sang with tears:—

My heart is sinking
With ever thinking
Of him who woo'd me in early life,
He had scarce a rental,
But his look was gentle,
As, whisp'ring, he prayed me to be his wife.

"I cannot proffer
A wealthy coffer,"
So ran his words in the days of youth,—
"But your husband's glory,
May be named in story,
And you shall engross a heart of truth."

No ray, adorning
Some vernal morning,
E'er broke more sweet o'er an eastern isle,
Than the beam beginning,
On his lip so winning,
To diffuse the light of Hope's youthful smile.

But I answered slightly,
Laughing so lightly,
That my love was love of the rich and high,
"And that I CARED not,
Indeed, I DARED not,"
And thus I rebuked him, I know not why.

He bowed, and departed,
Quite broken hearted,
And long I thought he might come once more;
But, oh, my life's morning!
One patience of scorning,
Clouded the light which your moments bore.

Thus my heart is sinking,
As I still sit thinking
How he prayed me softly to be his wife,
Though small was the rental,
The look was so gentle,
Of him who woo'd me in early life.

Anonymity.—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with fanatics, denunciation; with men of sense, a sound reason.

The Instructor.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

Why was there formerly a superstitious objection to burial in the churchyard north of the church?

Because that quarter was believed to be appropriated for the interment of unbaptized infants, of persons excommunicated, and that have been executed, and of suicides. The Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, complains of the crowded state of the churchyard there: "at the east end are a few graves; yet none till very lately on the north side;" the south was generally preferred. In Ireland, the north was termed the wrong side of the church.

Why are flat stones laid over the graves in churches and churchyards?

Because that was the practice in very ancient times, as appears from the writings of Cicero and others. Mr. Gough tells us that "it is the custom at this day all over Wales to strew the graves, both within and without the church, with green herbs, branches of box, flowers, rushes, and flags, for one year; after which such as can afford it lay down a stone."

Why in the primitive Christian Church were crowns of flowers placed at the head of deceased virgins?

Because virginity was honored, out of deference, most likely, to the Virgin Mother, with almost divine adoration, and there is little doubt, but that the origin of Nunneries is closely connected with that of the Virgin garland.

Why was the fourth Sunday in Lent called Rose Sunday?

Because the Pope, on that day, carried a golden rose in his hand, which he exhibited on his way to and from mass.

Why was it usual with lovers to place a rose in the ear?

Because it implied, "Heare all and say nothing." *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*—At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, is a juvenile portrait of Queen Elizabeth, with a red rose sticking in her ear.

The rose is an emblem of love and friendship, and has been the queen flower of lyric poets. Who can forget the *Last Rose of Summer*, by Moore; but more especially the mournful minstrelsy of the last stanza:

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Why was it customary to gather a rose on Midsummer Eve?

Because it was superstitiously associated with the choice of a husband or wife. This custom, a relic of Druidical times, is thus mentioned in the *Connoisseur*, No. 56.—"Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas Day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out." We heard the condition differently related in our "careless childhood:" the rose was to be gathered and sealed up, while the clock struck twelve at mid-day.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 23, 2, 3, 6, 5, is a noble animal.
My 10, 16, 15, is used by fishermen.
My 22, 23, 13, 17, 13, 22, is a man's name.
My 14, 2, 3, 10, is a kind of grain.
My 17, 5, 19, is one of the limbs of the body.
My 3, 21, 15, is a troublesome animal.
My 21, 10, 12, is a small insect.
My 14, 21, 12, is a domestic animal.
My 12, 13, 7, 5, is what will wait on no man.
My 21, 9, 5, is what unmarried ladies fear.
My 1, 21, 3, 12, 13, 10, 6, is the name of birds.
My 9, 2, 2, 6 is a water fowl.
My 1, 21, 3, 9, 21, 3, 5, 12, is a woman's name.
My 13, 14, 5, is useful in warm weather.
My 6, 23, 5, 5, 22, is a useful animal.
My 22, 9, 5, is used by gardeners.
My whole is the wonder of the present day.

J. K. S.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 10, 11, 6, 3, 12, 13, is a fruit.
My 14, 10, 17, is an animal.
My 22, 3, 12, 7, 15, 3, 21, is a country.
My 14, 20, 3, 16, 19, 22, is a thing that we burn.
My 1, 5, 4, 2, 3, is a color.
My 22, 10, 2, is a female deer.
My 18, 7, 4, is a malt liquor.
My 17, 23, 13, 3, is a small bird.
My whole is a popular American General.

RIDDLE.

My *first* is possess'd of the wonderful art
Of painting the feelings that glow in the heart;
Yet had it not been for my *second's* kind aid,
No respect had my first from a creature been paid;
The name of my *whole* I expect you'll reveal,
When I tell you it's chiefly composed of bright steel.

RIDDLE.

I am in the fire, but not in the flame,
I belong to the master, but not to the dame,
I am in the church, but not in the steeple,
I belong to the parson, but not to the people.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?

What does a stone become in the water?

Which of the cardinal virtues will water resemble when you freeze?

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A person bought 18 ells of cloth, part blue, and part red: for each ell he gave 40s., and he paid for every ell of blue one shilling more than for an ell of the red. How many ells of each kind had he?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
Saint Pedro Del Rey.

RIDDLES.
Letter E.
A Wo.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
91,78[illegible] feet from base of Monument.

CONUNDRUMS.
He has a lady in his head.
It is placed between the I's. (Eyes.)
It ought to be mended.

Agricultural.

LARGE PEACHES.

We have given several accounts of large and fine peaches, and we will now cap the whole, for the season is too late for many more. We saw last week at the stall of John Hall, in the market, the largest peaches that our eyes ever beheld. The vender said that he had sold *one dozen for three dollars*, and that they measured from eleven to twelve inches in circumference. The quality was very fine. They had no name, but from their appearance and flavor, we have no doubt that they were Crawford's Late Melocoton.

Editors in the south and west have been boasting of their large peaches, but they may as well stop, they cannot beat this production of a *cold, barren, gravelly region*, of which they often speak with contempt. Brother Dr. Beecher, of the Western Farmer and Gardener, in acknowledging the receipt of a "beautiful basket of peaches," (were the peaches as beautiful as the basket?) says, "We should like to confound some eastern pomological sceptics with such beautiful specimens of the fruits of the West." If the Doctor were here with his peaches, he would be confounded himself, instead of confounding others.

We can raise as large and as good peaches as can be produced in any part of the world, and just as many as we please, even enough to supply the whole union if they could not be raised in other sections: but we shall be careful and not raise too many and spoil the market. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."—*Boston Cultivator.*

Useful Hint to Farmers.—The following plan has invariably been found successful in preserving turnips from being destroyed by hares, rabbits, and other vermin. Let every 30th, 40th, 50th drill throughout a field be sown with Swedes; so long as one of these remains, neither hare, rabbit, rook, nor pigeon will touch either a white or yellow turnip.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

CUTTING POTATO TOPS—ASHES IN WOODEN VESSELS.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

Mr. Editor,—Dear Sir:—As there has been much said in our Agricultural papers respecting those roguish boys who mowed the old man's potato tops and prevented their rotting, it has induced many farmers to cut down their fields of potatoes. I have tried the experiment with two kinds, the Chenango and the Carter. I cut up two rows through the centre of the field after the potato had blown and appled. The result at harvesting the Chenangoes, where the vines were cut, was three bushels; two rows adjoining yielded five bushels. Of the Carters, those that were cut, yielded one bushel; those not cut, three bushels. As to their rotting, I could perceive no difference. If others have tried the experiment, would it not be well that they should be published for general information?

Caution to those that put ashes in wooden casks.—I had a cask of ashes standing in my cellar to which none had been added for a long while; one day some one of our family discovered smoke from this barrel and informed me of it. I examined and found it on fire at the bottom of the barrel, just ready to burst out, so that I am satisfied that ashes will ignite by spontaneous combustion. If people will put their ashes in wooden vessels would it not be well to add a little water to prevent water?

Yours, with esteem,

North Bridgewater, Oct. 4. S. PERKINS.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

We would transplant fruit trees in fall or spring, as most convenient, unless they were to be set in wet clayey land, which, by the way, is not a good soil for this purpose, and if the work of taking up removing and setting be properly performed, they will do well.

In fall as well as in spring, much depends upon seasonable attention to this business. Some wait till the frost kills the foliage, and it drops from the trees, and frequently this does not take place till several weeks after the best time for this operation. The first or second week in October is a favorable time for transplanting. When the fall is dry, so that trees do not grow late, the last week in September is a good time, the best time, we think, in the whole year.

We have transplanted trees the last of September, and taken up and examined some of them in November in order to note the result, and we found that they had thrown out fine fibrous roots two inches in length, and trees then transplanted started and grew about as well as those that had not been moved.

When trees are transplanted late in fall, some litter should be laid around the roots to prevent the operation of the frost, and whether removed early or late, the earth should be heaped up around the tree to throw off the water, and in the spring this heap should be changed into a basin to catch the water. Freezing the roots of trees while out of the ground, is very injurious, if not fatal.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Dinners at Cattle Shows.—It has been the general practice to charge too high for dinners at the farmers' festivals. The consequence has been unfavorable, and even members of agricultural societies have got good dinners at other tables for one third demanded for the dinner provided for the society, so that sometimes the tables have not been much more than half filled.

At the late cattle shows at Bridgewater and Lynn, the price of a dinner with the society was only fifty cents, as we were told, [we were politely furnished with tickets, so we do not complain for ourself] and the dinners were excellent; good enough for a *Governor*, as the saying is. After the societies and invited guests were seated, the tables were filled at once by spectators. Let other counties follow these examples of moderation.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Excellent Agricultural Rules.—*Fellow* lays down the following excellent rules, which wherever the concurring circumstances will allow it would be wisdom to carry out.

1. To increase the quantity of manure on a farm should be the constant aim of every farmer.

2. Hay should never be sold, unless two tons of stable litter are returned for every load sent off the farm.

3. The horse teams should be kept in the stables, and soiled during the summer and autumn on green food.

4. Every portion of apparently refuse vegetable and animal matter should be carefully collected and added to the dung heap.

Ripe Strawberries in October.—A correspondent from Sunbury, says—"The present year is remarkable not only for large fruit, and fruit in great abundance, but also for fruit *out of season*, as appears from this fact, that strawberries are now to be found in the meadows, from the blossom to the half grown and perfectly mature state. The writer of this has now several clusters of them at his house as ripe and fragrant as in July."

☞ We have seen within a week, grapes of the second crop, on an Isabella vine; they are now half grown.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Olio.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Be patient! Oh be patient! put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth;
How noiselessly and how gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in day.

Be patient! Oh be patient! the germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be wrought;
But as sure as ever there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with Liberty, the blade time shall be here.

Be patient! Oh be patient! go and watch the wheat ears grow!
So imperceptibly, that ye can mark nor change, nor throe;
Day after day—day after day, till the ear is fully grown;
And then, again—day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! Oh be patient! though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest fields of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny sheen;
Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Freedom's harvest day.

Long Haired Children.—Cut your children's hair frequently. The feeble ones more particularly should never be allowed to have hair of any considerable length. The joy the little ones exhibit when they have been shorn of their mother's pride will give her sufficient joy to [illegible] with any other kind of pride, particularly if she thinks the father has not noticed the child as much as she thinks he should have done. She will soon see a marked difference in his affection for it, if she will keep it nicely combed. Even if the mother is of a cross, unhappy disposition, if she will take the trouble to wash her face and comb her hair nicely, it will be almost impossible for her to indulge in anger, until she disarranges her hair again.

Culinary Department.

RECEIPTS.

Saleratus Cakes.—Take half a pint of molasses; half a pint of water; half a cup of butter; one teaspoonful of ground ginger; one spoonful of essence of lemon; one tablespoonful of saleratus dissolved in the water, and flour to make it as stiff as you can stir with a spoon; bake in square tins well buttered, in a quick oven.

Queen Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, with a tablespoonful of essence of lemon or rose-water; then add one pound of fine flour, one pound of powdered white sugar, and ten eggs beaten light; beat the cake well then add half a pound of almonds blanched and beaten fine; butter square tin pans; put in the mixture rather more than an inch deep, and bake in a quick oven.

Thanksgiving Tea Cake.—One teacup of butter, one teacup of white sugar, two eggs, one coffee cup of flour, alum, and volatile salts, each the size of half a nutmeg; rolled or pounded fine, and dissolved with a little milk, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Beat them all together until light and creamy, then put it into a small basin lined with buttered paper, and bake in a quick oven. Citron cut in slips added to this is an improvement.